

Perry Como, I Wish I Had A Record (Of The Promises You Made)

I wish I had a record
of the promises you made
so that I could play it back to you.
That record would remind you,
once, you said love wouldn't fade
and that you would never be untrue!
What happened to that cottage
of which we always spoke?
Was it just a pipe dream
that went up in smoke?
I wish I had a record
of how close you said we'd be
so that I could play it back to you,

and maybe you'd come back to me!
< instrumental verse >
What happened to that cottage
of which we always spoke?
Was it just a pipe dream
that went up in smoke?
I wish I had a record
of how close you said we'd be
so that I could play it back to you . . .
and maybe you'd come back . . .
to me!
Words and Music by Hal David,
Al Goodhart and Arthur Altman